

HARPER'S BAZAR

A REPOSITORY OF FASHION. PLEASURE AND INSTRUCTION.

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WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

STUDY and comparison of the season's models enable me to formulate a few general rules, which are here laid down for the benefit of those of our readers who like to ask summary questions and receive categorical answers. Skirts, while remaining close-fitting about the hips, are quite full around the bottom, and all are long. The majority of corsages preserve the coat effect, either in actual cut or in the disposition of the trimming. Sleeves are much less prominent on the shoulders, and are still subsiding. Jackets are all much longer than those of last spring and winter. The half-long coats are very much worn, but it is with, relatively speaking, the less dressy toilettes, the handsomest costumes being almost exclusively worn with mantelets. Long cloaks are less worn as general wrappings, the majority being either storm cloaks, worn for actual protection against the elements, or else luxurious carriage wraps, used only as such. Bonnets are smaller than ever, and round hats are less large than heretofore. Fur muffs are a little larger, and fur boas are still worn, though much less than the flaring collars of fur, which so comfortably protect the nape of the neck.

As to the details of skirts, they remain undraped, and, in general, are made with bias or gored seams. Skirts which belong to princess gowns have not a bias seam down the middle of the back, but are straight down the middle, with the side edges of the back breadths sloped, and meeting a side breadth which is sloped at both edges. This forms a skirt which is flat at the top and drops into large folds at the bottom. Sometimes a princess gown, chiefly among those of woollen material, will have a side form of velvet in the corsage, carried downward so that the skirt will have a velvet side breadth. Many princess gowns have the seams covered yet defined by a narrow silk or gold galloon. All skirts are now lined with silk throughout. A few dressmakers still persist in the attempt to introduce a steel spring or hoop in the lower edge of skirts, but with little show of success. Another idea, which has better promise of being taken up, is that of putting a layer of thin flexible hair-cloth between the material and the silk lining, which gives substance to light materials, and a semblance of weight to the folds at the bottom of the skirt. Skirts are either what is called half-long, or else decidedly long, the former having a train of from two to four inches, and the latter having one from twelve to sixteen inches or more.

Fur is being used in such quantities this winter that one cannot resist wondering where it all comes from. In addition to entire wrappings of fur or fur-lined, there are the numberless garments trimmed with fur. Jackets of cloth or plush are made with a cavalier plastron and sleeves of fur, and this order is reversed sometimes, jackets of fur being made with sleeves of cloth braided or of plush. Skirts are trimmed with bands of fur, either all around or only across the front. Fur revers and collar are used on corsages, and even ball toilettes may be trimmed around the neck of the corsage with a band of rich fur, such as sable. Seal-skin retains all its old-time favor. Day dresses are trimmed with a mixture of fur and passementerie, all sorts of fur

being used, headed by the modest Astrakhan, which is especially used on dark woollens and cloths. Rich appliques of passementerie or thick embroidery are employed on some of the fur jackets, and the same ornament is applied to jackets of matelassé, which is a thick silk material, having somewhat the appearance of being quilted, and with the outline of the raised design sometimes defined by a row of jet beads or a metal thread.

Among the new winter silks there are some brocades of which the design is larger along the middle of the breadth and diminishes toward the selvages, and along the selvages is a tiny garland, so that all the seams of the skirt are defined by two of these narrow vines; five breadths of silk are allowed for a skirt. There are many moiré antiques among the silks, striped or broché, and many brocades with large bouquets on a solid ground, a favorite ground being yellow.

white satin or on *lailon* (brass-colored) satin the effect is particularly distinguished, also on cloth of the pale tint called "ripe wheat."

Fringes of silk about an inch and a half in depth are coming in again, and are used in three rows around the bottom of skirts, either all around or only across the front. Velvet ribbons are used in the same fashion. In general, all-around trimmings are now only used on trainless skirts, of which there are very few, or on those with very short train. For the benefit of dressmakers who devise their own trimmings there are quantities of narrow ribbons, satin-faced or satin-edged. Tufts or rosettes of all sizes and all shapes, round or oval, are made of these, and studded in various ways about skirts and corsages. Indeed, ribbons of all widths are to be used. Tiny white moiré ribbons are run into a certain kind of lace net made specially for the purpose, and trimmings of this are used for the skirts of ball gowns, and for a plastron and sleeves or half-sleeves of dinner and reception toilettes. Embroidery still occupies a prominent place among trimmings, but rarely appears now in borders or detached designs. Parts of a dress have special ornamentation, as, for instance, the collar will be embroidered conformably to its shape, or a corselet or girdle is embroidered on the corsage; the skirt then will have one or two revers with a proportioned design, or perhaps a succession of taos of graduated length. The cuirass corsage of thick metallic passementerie is revived this winter, but modified in shape, and with a deep beaded fringe to match at the lower edge.

One of the millinery fancies of the moment, probably destined to be short-lived, is a masculine-looking black beaver hat, with, for its sole trimming, a repped black band fastened in a flat bow at the front with a metal or pearl or Rhine-stone buckle. This, however, is exceptional. In general, young girls wear either a felt hat or a toque of fur, or of cloth trimmed with fur. The small capote bonnet, which is worn by ladies of all ages, is now so small as to be little more than a head-dress. It is made of velvet, or more often of gold or silver embroidery, and trimmed with narrow ribbons. The necessity of fastening it to the head somehow has given rise to a great variety of fanciful pins in shell, metal, and jewels; some are long pins with an enamelled bow-knot head matching the bonnet in color. While on the subject of jewels it may be well to mention that men are returning to gold scarf rings, plain or jewelled. Narrow ribbons of several colors together are

used for trimming velvet capotes. Thus a black velvet capote will have a combination of maize, mauve, and light green ribbons. Other black velvet capotes are trimmed with white satin ribbon, though in rather a tentative way. I believe I mentioned in my last letter that the Psyche knot in hair-dressing is on the decline. The hair is arranged in a somewhat larger and oval knot, sometimes accompanied by curls, which complete or replace the knot. The front hair is frequently parted and taken back in loose classical waves. A pretty coiffure for a young lady generously endowed with hair consists of a twisted slightly oval coil at the centre of the back of the head, with a hanging braid below it, loosely plaited and tied with a ribbon above the curled ends. The side hair is slightly crépé.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.



FIG. 1.—RECEPTION TOILETTE.—[SEE FIG. 3, PAGE 972.] FIG. 2.—BALL GOWN.—[SEE FIG. 4, PAGE 972.]

Velvet is used in combination with these fabrics, most often green or red, two fashionable colors. One use of the velvet is for panels, which, unlike former panels, do not extend all the way down the skirt, but terminate at about two-thirds of the length down in a slanting or pointed end.

Velvet is combined with crêpe or with silk muslin, both for full-dress toilettes and for robes d'intérieur, that is, house or tea gowns, and not only the materials but the colors also contrast. For instance, a black velvet gown has a skirt front of straw-colored crape either in fine close pleats or draped, and the front of the corsage is in the form of a crossed fichu of the crape. A charming trimming used on some of the early reception toilettes of the season is white net embroidered in white silk and gold spangles, used either for entire skirt fronts and plastrons or in flat bands or insertions. On

them. A chess table will be a desirable feature of the furnishings, if "my lord" loves the mimic fight, or even the more usual checkers, and \$12 will buy a good one. This table may serve suitably for the only one in the room, and a flat-top writing-desk may be added if there be space enough. There will then be plenty of elbow-room for writing, and the top of the desk and its drawers will be sufficient to hold all the litter of papers and letters which a busy man may wish to leave untouched at home. Such desks are not expensive, and may be found for from \$10 to \$20. An old-fashioned secretary makes an acceptable furnishing when polished up, and can be utilized to advantage.

A smoker's set should be placed near at hand. Such a set consists of a tray, match-safe, ash-receiver, and cigar-holder. Fine ones are made of hammered brass, oxidized silver, and carved wood, while papier-maché, celluloid, and plain wood are used for cheaper grades. Some are made of ebonized wood and mounted on a tripod or pedestal of the height of an ordinary table. Prices of smokers' sets range from \$15, the highest, to \$1 25, the cheapest, while those on standards are about \$2.

A lamp which will throw a good light upon the book in hand and yet will shield the eyes is also needed. The student lamp or the Rochester with its duplex burner is equally suitable, and \$5 will supply a good one of either kind. Besides all these, a foot-rest, a slipper-case, an inkstand, a paper rack, an afghan, and sofa pillows should be added to complete the furnishings to the comfort and liking of its occupant. They and other trifles give a wide range for choice of gifts when birthdays and Christmas draw near.

Is this too much to do for one individual in the household? Surely not, for your Benedict possesses all the virtues of American husbands and is generous to a fault to you, so spend freely of your time, taste, and trouble, and so much money as may be, and when dressed in your most becoming gown, you pour the social evening cup in his "den," his pride and delight in your efforts will not lack expression.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

I.

I MET her just outside the railway station in one of the great Italian towns; indeed, it was in the omnibus of the hotel to which I was going, and which stood there, as they all do for a long time, awaiting the collection of the luggage. She was quite young, not twenty, a girl so perfectly *comme il faut*, so well-dressed from head to foot, so evidently accustomed to be cared for and looked after, that her little air of bewilderment and distress, and the way in which she looked about as if seeking some familiar face, were all the more noticeable. I hope I should have been as sorry for a more ordinary specimen of humanity, but I certainly should not have been so much interested. She was not alone, however, at this moment, but was accompanied by a man, who put her into the omnibus with sundry expressions of encouragement and descriptions of how she would find her smaller luggage outside, etc., to which she replied with profuse thanks, without ever ceasing her anxious look round the wide space before the railway station, which was crowded with people coming and going. "I'll look round in the evening and see if you have heard anything," he said. To which she replied by begging him not to take the trouble, not to disturb himself, with many renewed expressions of thanks for his kindness to her. He patted her on the shoulder, as he shook hands with her, encouragingly. He was a man twice her age, and had a friendly look and an American accent. There was not the smallest trace of a Don Giovanni about him, yet that pat on the shoulder immediately quickened my growing desire to intervene. She was not a beautiful girl—in my experience beautiful girls are very rare—but her features were agreeable, her complexion of that *blanc mat* which the French admire so much, her hair of a pretty chestnut color, the outlines of her soft young face distinct, though very delicate and fair. But it was the little air which could scarcely be called personal distinction, yet which made it impossible for the girl to look *common* under any circumstances—the perfect physical training and well-being, the perfection of care and regard for her comfort, and selection of the appropriate and becoming in every personal detail, which suggested that every precaution had surrounded her and everything possible been done for her from her cradle up—which struck one most. Her dress was quite simple, yet of the best kind. The train by which we had both arrived was a through train, in which the most of the passengers had travelled all night; but she had none of the fagged and disorderly air which so (almost) invariably appears in the afternoon at least of the day after a night journey. It was evidently natural for her to look pale, so that there was no change in that respect; and her pretty hair was as much in order as on a head of nineteen it had any need to be.

After a minute or two facing each other in the omnibus, which was still waiting for my luggage—which my maid, an experienced polyglot in her way, with a large command of nouns and very small of verbs, was look-

ing after—I broke through my English reserve (which never was my strong point), and asked, "Have you lost your luggage?" which, indeed, was the supposition I had made.

The girl seemed much relieved to be able to speak. "Oh no," she said; "much worse than that. I have lost my mother—and father. They were to meet me here by this train, and they have neither come nor sent any one, and I don't know what to do. That gentleman said I had better go to the hotel this omnibus belongs to—that it was the best—and that they might be there; or I could send and try to find them, or perhaps there might be a telegram, or—I can't think how they could have failed me; it was all settled exactly how I was to travel, and the hour the train arrived, and everything. I thought I could travel quite well by myself, but I will never try it again," said my little friend, with fervor; and she added a melancholy story of her troubles by the way. How she had been placed by her friends in a sleeping-carriage, in which she was not to be disturbed, which went "through"—that magic word to the unaccustomed traveller—and would have no trouble till she came to her journey's end, when she would step into the arms of her mother. All so beautifully arranged, no trouble at all—instead of which she had been made to jump up at four in the morning, to hasten on her "things," and to change into another carriage; and now at the end, when she hoped all her troubles were over, there was no mamma on the platform, nobody looking out for her, and she would not have known what to do or where to look but for that kind man, who himself had lost his luggage, and had to go back to the frontier to look after it. "He said this was the best hotel, and I had better go to it, and then telegraph," she repeated, looking out as the omnibus got into motion, with wistful eyes at the passengers in the streets.

"You must stay with me till they turn up," said I, "that will be the simplest way, if they are not at the Leon d'Oro, we can send the porter round to the other hotels, and you will soon hear of them, you may be sure. They must have been detained somehow, or mistaken the hour, or—But till you hear of them, you must stay with me."

"Oh, may I? Thank you so very much," cried the girl, with a light of relief on her soft face; and then she returned to the tribulations of the journey, and the horror of not seeing any face she knew when she arrived. "And I can't speak a word," she added, in a little soft accent of wondering despair.

"We can speak a great many words, Johnson and I," I replied; "they are not very nicely put together, and a critic might object to our conversational style, but we manage to get on, and nowadays there is no difficulty in getting on, for everybody speaks English at all the hotels, so you may be quite at your ease as far as that is concerned. It used to be very different in my time. I remember—" and then I began a little story of my old experiences, hoping to divert her, but though she listened civilly for a moment, and gave me a small smile, I could see that my elderly anecdotes had no interest for the little girl. Her eyes strayed after every new pair appearing in the street, with a special interest in stout persons, which revealed to me the vision of a portly mamma. And what a state of mind that portly mamma must be in, if she were an ordinary English mother, and was now figuring to herself her daughter's arrival in the midst of a population composed chiefly of Italian brigands ready to pounce upon her and her goods, as the ordinary British matron is accustomed to suppose, I shuddered to imagine.

In the mean time I may as well mention who I myself am, and how it was that I was specially adapted to take this little stray in hand. I am Miss Stanley-Drummond, of a family not unknown on either side of the house, middle-aged, or a little more (people draw that line so differently, according to their own ideas, or shall I say their own years?), one of the many unmarried English ladies who are to be found in all the hotels upon every highway in Europe, and even, I believe, beyond Europe. I am obliged to say that I think there are far too many of us about the world. I am not one who despises my own kind, or pretends to prefer men's society, or any of those affectations which are current, but I confess that I like a little variety, and that to be surrounded solely by persons of my own sex, in pretty much the same conditions of life, about my own age, and, in short, reproductions of me with little local differences, is a thing I find tiresome. At Bordighera, for instance, and various other such places, there were about twenty of us round the modest *table d'hôte* to about three men. And such men! A mild old parson, of whom one could never certainly say which was he and which was his wife; a delicate youth taking great care of himself, and some other nondescript. This was too much of a good thing. The spinster ladies of England are a very good thing, my dearest friends are among them, but *toujours perdrix*—the proverb is somewhat musty. Apparently men don't feel the same objection to herd continually with their like, or else clubs and smoking-rooms would not be so attractive to them. But perhaps this is because they have been more widely scattered about the world, and have more varied experiences with which to amuse or edify each other. I, for my part, would like a little more variety among

my daily associates, though I confess I do not see how it is to be mended. For it would be as impossible to interfere with the liberty of the British subject, and forbid the elderly single women to travel, as it would be to attempt to make them unlike each other, which is beyond the power of man. It is true that there is sometimes among us a married woman in proud possession of a young daughter who makes a little variety; but as she has generally been a widow for years, and relapsed into our habits and ways, without the independence on which we pique ourselves, the difference is often infinitesimal. The young daughters indeed; but then it is hard upon the poor girls to be brought out of their opening day into our robust but often cynical afternoon, and harms their natural development. One says to them instinctively, "Ah, in my time!" as I could not refrain from doing even to my little friend in the omnibus; and our time was so much gayer than theirs, with so much more fun and dancing and laughing in it, and so many more of the other individuals to dance and laugh with!—or so, at least, it appears now.

This would be a hopeless digression, however, if it were not necessary to show how suitable I was to take up the lost stranger. If there had been a man of my party he would have certainly suggested that I knew nothing whatever about the girl, and that probably she was an impostor with designs upon my jewel-box. (N. B.—My jewel-box is not very richly provided, and I never take it about with me when I travel.) I may be told that men are more, not less, charitable than ladies to feminine wanderers who are young and pretty; but this I do not believe. There may be cases in which sentiments other than charitable come in, but I have always found them very suspicious of what they call adventuresses—perhaps because they know more of that kind than we do. Having no men of my party, Johnson, who possesses certain of their qualities, assumed the part, and looked very severely at my poor little girl; though how any one with half an eye should not have seen the perfectly simple fact of that little personage I cannot understand. However, when we arrived at the hotel, I left the child to give her own instructions as to telegrams, and explain the search for the missing parents upon which she desired the porter—that guide, philosopher, and friend of all perplexed travellers—at once to be sent; which she did with the distinctness of a person quite accustomed to give orders, and not afraid to explain the dilemma in which she found herself. It was only then that I heard her name, and I confess that it startled me a little to hear her give not one but two names of the persons to be inquired after, whom she had notwithstanding described to me as her mother and father, with a curious transposition of the usual order. "He had better go to all the best hotels and ask if there is any one of the name of Hall or Robertson—Mrs. Robertson, or Hall; or if there is any telegram for me. I am Miss Robertson," she said.

It was all very prettily said, with the perfect simplicity of a child who has nothing to conceal, but I confess that it startled me for a moment; and Johnson gave me a look. Decidedly, besides being as tall and strong, and usually a sort of protector in any trouble—for her heart is as big as her body—Johnson is as suspicious as a man. However, I need not say this made no difference to me, and when we were seated together upstairs in the rooms which had been engaged for me beforehand (I like to travel comfortably), beside a nice little fire, with our cloaks and wraps thrown off, and Johnson already in the room beyond, with her Etna making a pleasant fragrance of tea, the mystery was very speedily and very simply unfolded. I need not say that I was full of curiosity; but I am not sure that it was this feeling or rather a still more natural impulse which made me suggest that if the porter found them, of course her father would come immediately to take her to the much-desired mamma.

"Oh, mother will come herself," she said, quickly; and then, with a little embarrassed laugh, "You will think it the strangest thing—but though, of course, I shall have to call him father, and there is no other name to give him—I have never seen him yet."

"You have never seen your father?" I cried.

And then she told me with a little blush, as if she were somehow in fault, twisting about a little ring on her finger, with her eyes fixed upon it, that she had been for a long time at school in Germany for her education, though her home was in England, that as mamma's health would not permit her to live in either country, she had been spending the winter on the Riviera, at Nice, and other places; and that, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Robertson had married and become Mrs. Hall since her daughter saw her last.

"And I can't get used to the new name," she said; "I am always forgetting, perhaps that is why we have missed each other, for I am afraid now that I directed the telegram when I started to Mrs. Robertson instead of Mrs. Hall. And I have never seen him at all."

"It is curious, certainly, but I hope you will like him very much when you do see him," I said.

She gave her head the faintest little shake, but she said, "Oh, I hope so!" hurriedly, as

if that was a discussion into which she did not care to enter. Poor little thing! her heart was sore over this new relationship. It must be hard upon the children when a woman marries again, though, of course, to forbid a woman to marry again, or even disapprove of her for doing so—at least, without full knowledge of the circumstances—would be harder still. We sat there for a little very comfortable, enjoying the rest and quiet after the jingle and shaking of the train; and then I proposed that we should go down to the *table d'hôte* dinner. *Tables d'hôte*, like other things, are not what they used to be. When I was a girl they were amusing, and one saw all sorts of people. They are not in the least amusing now, but I keep the old habit of going down to them, partly because it is less trouble, and also because I object to the smell of food in my private room.

My little companion followed me languidly, declaring that she did not want anything and would rather stay upstairs; but I know that at her age appetite comes with the sight of food, however any contrariety or misfortune may seem to have driven it away. We were but half way down the stairs, however, when we encountered the manager of the hotel coming up, accompanied by a stout and comely lady with her full but charming countenance half hidden under a white gauze veil, and followed by a man who was not so prepossessing. And then I heard a little scream behind me, and I was nearly pushed over while my charge made a spring into her mother's arms. I ought to have been delighted, I know; but I fear the only pleasure this gave me was the conviction that there and then Johnson must be convinced that she was no impostor, and that every word of her story was true.

Of course Mrs. Robertson, or Hall, overwhelmed me with thanks. What would Effie have done without me? How could she thank me enough for my goodness to her child? Also, of course, the upshot was that I went down to the *table d'hôte* much diminished in my prospective glory (for I had felt that the general interest and curiosity would be excited by the sight of my pretty little companion) and much abashed in my spirits, having a very dull and lonely meal to look forward to, instead of the cheerful and amusing repast which I had expected, with, what almost seemed something like a daughter of my own by my side; which prognostic came perfectly true. It was a most uninteresting assembly at the *table d'hôte*, which was served at small tables, very nice for a family, but solitary for one person, who was thus made to feel beyond doubt that she was dining absolutely alone, though in sight of all the world.

After dinner while I sat lonely over my fire, feeling very tired, yet without energy enough to go to bed, the mother and daughter came to see me. Mrs. Robertson, or rather Mrs. Hall—but I instinctively felt the same difficulty as her child did about the name, which was wholly ridiculous on my part, as I had never heard of the woman before—was by no means of the perfect appearance of ladyhood and gentleness which distinguished her daughter. She was a pretty woman, rather florid, with a laughing simple face—the kind of woman one could not but like, but who evidently was open to be married by any schemer who chose, or to do anything which was warmly urged upon her, and which it could be made to appear pleasant to do. She was dressed as like a bride as a certain lingering sense of decorum and—what was perhaps more effectual—consciousness that light colors were not becoming to her ample figure would permit her to be; her hair built up on the top of her head in all manners of puffs and bows (she had pretty hair), and her gown made according to the last and most elaborate rules of fashion. How she had managed to exercise so much good taste in respect to her child, and to show so little in herself, was what I could not make out, and there was a mixture in her of elation and nervousness which was still more surprising to me. It was evident that she was very proud of her new husband, whom she quoted at every moment. Colonel Hall had gone to smoke his cigar, "for, you know, nothing will ever make up for the want of their smoke," she said, as if I either knew or cared anything about it. Colonel Hall was the brother of Sir Hubert Hall, "who had such a beautiful place in Derbyshire, I am sure you must have heard of it." Colonel Hall had a nephew with him who would make it more cheerful for Effie, "for naturally at present, though it's so silly of him, he is mostly taken up with me." All this was said with the bridge and blush, the look of ostentatious happiness and shy delight which is either obnoxious or idiotic even in a young bride, but in an elderly, or at least middle-aged one, intolerable, and yet the woman was so fresh and natural and kind, so *nice*, in one word, that one could not help liking her, after all. And in the midst of all the flutter of pleasure and pride there was something else, an occasional thrill of anxiety, a sudden start at any sound—"Do you think that was Colonel Hall, Effie?" and "Hush, I thought I heard my husband call!"—which showed me that she was a little afraid of this brand-new possession of hers. She carried the girl off at last in a panic, after a furtive glance at the clock, crying out, "Oh, Effie, we must go, the Colonel will be waiting," with a clang of all the bracelets

and bangles with which she was profusely hung about, which betrayed something like a trembling. Effie gave me a look which was full of wonder and questioning—wistful, half-frightened, unsatisfied. It was evident that she was very fond of her mother, but not accustomed to be very respectful of her, or confide in her judgment, and she had no intention, poor child! of asking me, a stranger, what I thought, but she could not keep the trouble and the question out of her eyes.

II.

I am an old fool. Here I am still, a fortnight later, lingering on in a town which I know by heart, every corner in which, every church, every picture, I have seen till I am tired—all on account of the little girl whom I picked up at the station, a perfect stranger, fifteen days ago.

In the first place, there is a kind of a plot going on against the poor little thing, which the mother, even if she fully sees it, is powerless to prevent. How can I prevent it, or do anything at all in the matter? you may well ask. I can't answer; and yet I keep on putting off my departure one day after another, with a vague notion of being of use to Effie, who certainly does cling to me as I scarcely could have thought possible on so short an acquaintance. And this is how it is:

My first glance at Colonel Hall settled that gentleman's character in my mind. A ruined *roué*, one of the sort of people one sees about Monte Carlo, with a face full of records, deep furrows of dissipation dug in it, and the look of one who perpetually turns night into day; but yet a man who has always kept aloft somehow, by good luck, good friends, or the desperation that makes a courageous person surmount everything. No mistaking the caste to which this man belongs, nor the sort of tailor he patronizes (and probably never pays). And he knows everybody, and does not seem to be cut by any one, so far as I have been able to see; and as this place is on the very high-road to everywhere, of course a number of "smart" people have floated across us, even during the time we have been here. So I cannot help allowing that he is what he calls himself, and no adventurer. Some of my own acquaintances, however, who know him, have thrown the light I expected on the situation.

"Where did Ned Hall pick up that woman? Is she very rich? And what does he have Freddy hanging about him for?" one of them said to me.

The man who said this is a man whose acquaintances are many and various, and who is not at all Puritanical. That I am one of them myself arises solely from the fact that he has known me ever since he was born, and, to do him justice, he has no objection to decent people. He gave me a hint, however, as he went away.

"If you care about that little girl, as you seem to do, get her out of Ned Hall's clutches as soon as you can."

"How can I get her out of his clutches?" said I. "He is her step-father, and I am a stranger."

"Then mind you keep her clear of Freddy," said this oracle.

How could I keep her clear of Freddy? (What a ridiculous custom that is, by-the-way, of the "smart," to call all their own kind by such familiar names! Of course, I could think of this young man only as Freddy, as if I loved him, whereas I knew nothing about him, and disliked his look extremely.) But I did what was the only thing I could do. I lingered on, much to Johnson's disgust, until by a lucky accident for me, brought about by one of those confidences among the maids which are so much more explicit and straightforward than anything among us, she became interested, and instead of looking sulky threw herself into Effie's interests heart and soul.

"Do you think, Miss Drummond," she said to me one day, as she was getting something out of one of the boxes—I had asked for it in fear and trembling, expecting every moment that Johnson would ask me severely if it was my wish that she should unpack everything, in this place where we had intended to stay only two days? But instead of putting such an unanswerable question to me, this was all she said—"Do you think, Miss Drummond, as our young lady is quite happy with her ma?"

"What a question, Johnson!" said I, but very quietly, for my state of mind was most conciliatory. "Why shouldn't she be happy with her mother? She is very fond of her mother, I am sure."

"That may be," said Johnson; she was kneeling down with her head over the box, and sometimes was not very audible in consequence. "There's natural affection, of course, and I don't say as I don't like Mrs. Hall myself, and Miss Ferris [the maid, of course] says as a kinder person doesn't exist, but no head-piece, and that easy taken in." Here there was a little lapse, or I should not have allowed my maid to discourse upon the gossip of the servants, you may be sure; but finally this came out from under the cover of the box—"says as how the ma has only got an annuity, and the rich one is Miss Effie, and that's why the Colonel means to marry her to his nephew right off."

"Johnson," said I, severely, "how dare you come and talk to me of what Mrs. Hall's maid or some other servant—"

"And that Master Freddy," said Johnson,

going on with perfect composure, as she lifted out the things I wanted and put them on the bed, "is a bad lot."

"What can I do?" I cried, in despair.

Johnson had her back to me, laying out my things. "I know what I'd do. I'd ask her to come along of us to Naples, and a nice companion she'd be for you, too. And I'd pack and unpack for her and do her hair, willing," Johnson said.

To say that I had already thought of this plan, and, indeed, had insinuated it by several hints and suggestions, will make it apparent to every one what a great comfort and relief it was to me when Johnson "spoke up," to use her own phraseology, like this. I put my plans boldly before Mrs. Hall that very day.

"I think," I said, "you have done Milan so very completely, and Colonel Hall seems to be longing so for his dear Riviera again, don't you think that you could spare Effie to make a little run with me further south?"

Effie did not say anything, but she lifted her eyes to me with such thanks in them. Her mother fidgeted and grew nervous, though she put her hand effusively on mine, as she had a way of doing, and thanked me as the kindest friend in the world.

"I am sure she would like it of all things; but then she has never seen the Riviera."

"Of course," said I, "we could come back that way."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Hall, "I wish I knew what I ought to do! It would be such an advantage to Effie to go with you, Miss Drummond; but the Colonel has grown so fond of her, and he would like to show her Nice and all that coast himself."

"When we come back," I said.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hall again, "I wish I knew what I ought to do!"

The reason why she thought it would be an advantage to Effie to go with me was because I am what people call well connected, and could introduce the girl into the society of a few lords and ladies, just as it was the great distinction of the Colonel that he was hail fellow well met with all the titles at Monte Carlo. And between these two advantages, not to speak of the enormous influence of her new husband, the poor lady did not know which was best. But her instinct told her that Freddy was a danger from which her little girl ought to be set free. Mrs. Hall's money had all come from trade; her husband had been a wealthy manufacturer. It is no unusual thing in those circumstances to think a connection with rank and fashion the most desirable thing in the world; but I don't know how this really kind, simple woman had been taken possession of by it. I discovered afterwards that Johnson's communication was quite true, that the mother had only a large annuity (they don't call it jointure in commercial circles), and that Effie's was the great fortune. Colonel Hall, presumably, had made a mistake, thinking his wife had everything and the full disposal of the money, and now he meant to make up for it by securing the girl too.

Only a day or two after our arrival Effie had asked me in so many words my opinion of her step-father.

"How do you like Colonel Hall?" she said.

It was a question to which I was not ready with any reply. "I think your mother is charming, my dear," I said.

"Ah, isn't she? Just as sweet as she can be," said the girl, with a flush of pleasure. "And so pretty, don't you think, and younger than I am, Miss Drummond? But that is not an answer to my question," she said, very gravely, looking me in the face.

"He is like so many men," said I. "He is a tribe. I must take a little time to make out what is individual in him. But I am afraid I don't like the nephew at all."

"Oh, isn't he odious!" Effie cried.

And this was the young man who was now constantly by her side. She was never allowed to escape from him. He sat next to her at the theatre, gave her his arm coming and going, stood over her, bending down as if they were having the most intimate of conversations, when she sat down anywhere, was ready to accompany her wherever she went, to walk with her, to talk with her, to bring her flowers and bonbons, every attention that a lover could give. He was not ill-looking, and he was well-bred enough, and not unamusing. The wonder to me was that so young a girl unaccustomed to such attentions did not fall a victim to them; but there is an instinct that sometimes (not always, Heaven knows) protects the innocent. Effie, a very frank little innocent girl, thinking not yet of love at all, or rather with a school-boy's aversion to it than a girl's romance on the subject, could not endure this persecution. She struggled with it, making a continual effort to be free. But what was her little strength against so many? For, at first, even her mother was in the plot, easily deceived into thinking it was a case of love at first sight with Fred, her simple vanity enchanted that her daughter should so soon have fulfilled the chief end of woman—or rather of girl. I don't know how it was that light broke upon her on the subject; but it did, overcoming both her love for, and the dread of her husband, which latter feeling increased day by day. Probably she heard something from him at last, some unguarded word, which put Freddy's true motives, and his uncle's meaning in an unmistakable light. She came up to me—I was on the second floor, but they

were *au premier*, living in the highest luxury, and spending money like water—one night late as pale as a ghost (if such a thing as a portly ghost could be conceived), with panting breath and the greatest agitation. "Oh, Miss Drummond," she said, throwing herself down on the sofa beside me with a shock which made the walls tremble, "what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"I have only a moment; I can't stay. The Colonel has gone down-stairs to smoke his cigar. Oh, Miss Drummond, he has set his heart on marrying Effie to Freddy! He says if I oppose it, I shall be false to him, and he will be sorry he ever married me. And she abhors him, and I don't like him myself; and what am I to do?"

"Dear Mrs. Hall, you are her only protector; you must make a stand for your child."

"Against my husband?" cried the poor woman, wringing her hands, which were so covered with rings that she must have hurt them. "Oh, how am I to make any stand against him? And yet I know it's only for her money, and she loathes the sight of him. Oh, Miss Drummond, tell me, tell me, what am I to do?"

"My dear Mrs. Hall, you must defend your daughter, who has nobody else to protect her. Surely that is the first duty you can have."

"Oh!" she cried again, "you don't know what it is to be divided between two. And he says she will be the prey of fortune-hunters wherever she goes, and that Freddy will take care of her. Miss Drummond, you are so sensible, and you know those kind of people better than I do—you are one of them, you know, though you give yourself no airs. Oh, Miss Drummond, would you speak just one word to Colonel Hall?"

One of the Monte Carlo set! It was not much of a compliment. But, to be sure, that was not what the poor lady meant.

"How could I speak to him?" I said. "How could I interfere when her mother is here—I, who am almost a stranger? It is quite impossible. I would do anything for Effie—anything but that. Let her come with me. That is the only thing to do. It would cut the knot. If Master Freddy followed us, you may be sure he would get little encouragement from me."

"I thought of that," she said, sadly; "but the Colonel would never allow it. I mentioned it, and it put him into such a rage! I don't mean, Miss Drummond, into a rage with me; but he can't bear to be contradicted, and he has so set his heart on this. He says Freddy will be a changed man with a nice wife, and that he is very fond of her, though he doesn't disguise that he cares for her money—And Freddy is Sir Hubert's son, Miss Drummond; his second son, but the eldest is very delicate. And, oh! The poor woman clasped her hands, and looked piteously into my face.

"But you have just told me that she hates him."

"That is true, that is true," she said. "But do you think it always matters, Miss Drummond, what a girl thinks? One changes one's mind so at that age."

"How do you think you could ever bring her to consent?" I said. "And, besides, if you married her to Freddy Hall, you would never forgive yourself as long as you live."

She fell crying like a child while I spoke. "Oh," she said, among her sobs, "if I only could get her sent home to her uncle, who would take good care of her! But then all the position and all the advantages will be sacrificed that I've been struggling so to secure for her. And she's such a lady, quite a little princess, isn't she, Miss Drummond? And my pride has been to get her into the best society. But it's all mercantile, all manufacturing, such a different, different position, in the north!"

"Do you think, Mrs. Hall, that Effie would get into the best society as Freddy Hall's wife?"

She gave me a startled look. "He is a baronet's son, and has the very best of connections," she said. But next moment she started up at some imaginary sound. "Oh, I must go. The Colonel must not think that I have been talking it over with any one. Oh, Miss Drummond, if you would but say a word to him!" the poor lady cried.

Next day Effie came to me with traces of tears about her eyes. She looked sullen and dark, with a sort of stubborn resistance in her, yet trembling too. She talked about nothing for a little while, with difficulty, while I, awaiting what I saw was coming, made no advance towards the one subject that occupied our thoughts.

At last she burst forth, "Miss Drummond, they want me to marry Freddy Hall," abruptly, like a shot from a gun.

"My dear," I said, "that he wanted it and the Colonel wanted it has been evident enough for some time past."

"Oh, what do I care for what he wants, or the Colonel! It's mother! mother! She has not slept all night, and she's crying till you can scarcely see the blue of her eyes. Poor, poor mamma! And she says what is she to do? I think she thinks he will kill her if I don't consent."

"But that is nonsense, Effie," said I. "He may make her unhappy, but not half as unhappy as she would be if you did consent. That is to say, my dear, if you really feel

that you could not consent with a good grace." I said this to save my conscience, for indeed it is true that girls at that age often do not know their own minds; as how should they on such a subject, poor little things!

She looked at me indignantly, the tears drying in her eyes with the fire of her surprise. "I hate him," she said, "and so do you. I know—I know you do. But mother did say one thing. She said, 'Oh, how I wish I could send you to your uncle!' Now if I could get to my uncle, I would be safe. Dear Miss Drummond, you picked me up at the railway, will you let Johnson take me to the night train after everybody has gone to bed? I am sure I could slip out, and nobody would see, and if she put me into a lady's carriage, the Signora Sole, don't you know, that one always sees written up. I should have nobody to meet me at the other end this time," she said, the tears welling up in her eyes, "as I would have nobody here but for you. But that would not matter, for I have got, oh! so much experience now. And when you come to have great troubles, you don't think of little things."

Oh, the premature philosophy that comes with the first knowledge of the world! A wild idea came into my mind. At first it seemed too daring and dreadful to be thought of, to take such a responsibility, but then to save the child from such a fate. "Effie," I said, "dry your eyes, and go down-stairs and look as cheerful as you can. I have thought of something. Give me to-night to think it all over, and to-morrow I will tell you what I will do."

That evening Johnson and I had a long consultation. I told her that if she ever breathed a word to any servant in the house or indeed to any one for the next week, I should give her instant notice, wages, and board-wages, and never speak to her again, and then I unfolded my plan. And I cannot tell the relief it was to my mind when I found that Johnson had no objection to make, if not that it was a pity to lose the twenty-four hours, and that we had better start to-night. But this, I thought, was not at all the wisest thing to do. Accordingly, next morning, I let everybody know that I was going on to Rome and Naples, as had always been my intention, by the night train. I went solemnly down stairs to Mrs. Hall, and told her all my plans, and repeated my invitation to Effie. The Colonel was present, which was exactly what I wanted, and I pressed it upon her how good it would be for her child. The poor lady looked at him, and she looked at me with imploring eyes.

"Oh, I wish—I wish we could let her go! It would be such a thing for her, dear Edward, don't you think, for six weeks or so, as Miss Drummond says, we might let her go?"

"You know it is perfectly out of the question; with all the arrangements we have made," he replied.

"But arrangements were made to be departed from," said I.

"Not mine," answered the Colonel; and poor Mrs. Hall cried and kissed me, and wished, and wished, but, seeing it could not be, was glad to get rid of me and the disapproval in my eyes.

Accordingly, Johnson and I and all our luggage started in time for the train to the south. There was another train going north, in short, the through train to Paris and England, a few hours later. And it happened that Johnson forgot something (which was very unlike her), and had to hurry back to the hotel to fetch it, and getting in when the lights were nearly all out, by special favor of the under-porter, who was a great friend of hers, found what she wanted, almost in the dark, at the top of the first flight of stairs, and, hurrying off back to her cab, before even the under-porter could follow to help her, brought to me what she had gone to fetch—which was nothing less than Effie, very white, very much excited, yet composed, and with all her wits about her as when I saw her first. I need scarcely add that the train we went by was the train to Paris, and that, metaphorically speaking, we never drew breath till we reached England—and more than that Lancashire—where I had the satisfaction of placing her, as perfect a little well-bred person as ever, with scarcely a sign upon her of her long journey, in her uncle's hands. He inhabited a handsome big house, in a beautiful country, with gardens and grounds and every luxury, though it was so near a great town, and had an air of wealth which was not obtrusive—a person altogether of most reassuring and satisfactory appearance. Half-a-dozen Colonel Halls, I could well see, would not get that child out of Mr. Robertson's hands.

And was this all I ever saw of Effie, between two railways as it were, flitting in and out of my life? I saw a great deal more of her, and her further story was by no means without interest, and ended very pleasantly; but of this no more can be said here. Colonel Hall, I believe, telegraphed all over the country, to Florence and to Rome to stop us, but as we had not gone in that direction, these telegrams did us no harm. It was a nuisance being brought back to England so soon after I had left it; but, fortunately, the winter was mild, and I hope the kind reader will be pleased to hear that neither my unintentional return nor my rapid journey did my bronchitis any harm.